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## AT EL CANEY.

A GRAPHIC STORY BY AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE FIGHT.

One of The Piercest Battles of the War—Bravery and Sufferings of American Soldiers.

SPLendid NERVE OF OUR WOUNDED.

(New York Telegram to the Chicago Times-Herald.)

El Caney! An English officer tells the marvelous story of that fight of July 1. He witnessed it, with Lawson and Chaffee, and now officially reveals his judgment on that bloody day and engagement.

San Juan has been written to death because the newspaper army was there, but El Caney and its story has never been told in detail until now.

"It is necessary," he writes, "to draw a clear distinction between the struggle for El Caney on the right, and the fight at San Juan on the left. The former was premeditated, the latter was not."

ORDER OF THE ATTACK. He says Spanish sources were underestimated by our men. The morning of July 1 our troops advanced to the attack as follows: Twelfth infantry on the left, Seventh on the right, Seventeenth in reserve back of the Seventh.

Just before firing commenced Capt. Lee looked down on El Caney and saw: "From the crest of the ridge we could look right down into the village, its thatched and tiled roofs half hidden by the large shade trees that we afterward learned to dread as the lurking places of sharpshooters. In the village itself profound quiet reigned, and there was no sign of life beyond a few thin wisps of smoke that curled from the cottage chimneys. Behind lay fertile valley with a few cattle grazing, and around us on three sides rose tier upon tier the beautiful Macra mountains, wearing delicate, pearly tints in the first rays of the rising sun. To our left stretched the thick green jungle with its rippled banana groves and clumps of royal palm, with here and there a gorgeous scarlet 'flamboyant' to break the green monotony." The only landmark in all this wide expanse was the great red-roofed Ducoudré house, a deserted country-seat that lay midway between El Caney and Santiago. Three miles away in this direction loomed the long undulating ridge of San Juan, streaked with Spanish trenches, and behind it showed up clearly the faint pink buildings, with twinkling windows and innumerable Red Cross flags that marked the city of Santiago.

"The whole scene was pre-eminently one of peace, and it was almost impossible to realize that war was the business of the day."

"Immediately in front of us, and at the left end of the village, was the abrupt, cone-shaped hill, incredibly smooth and steep, and on its extreme tip the little medieval fort perched itself like a hat."

At 6:30 Capron's guns boomed, but did little damage. Capt. Lee says: "At El Caney our total artillery force was but four guns, and these were quite unequal to the task of demolishing the enemy. Consequently the infantry had to do all the fighting, and the brunt of it fell upon the men of Chaffee's brigade."

He speaks of how little attention was paid to the Spanish firing until our black powder smoke gave them the range, and then bloody execution commenced. For three hours there was an infantry duel at 600 yards range.

DEADLY SPANISH SHARP-SHOOTING. "The expenditure of ammunition on our side," he writes, "was enormous and provident, for there was little target visible, but the Spanish sharpshooters concealed in the trees, cottages and blockhouses, were replying with deadly effect. At one point a single bullet from a Spanish sharpshooter crept forward to occupy a small advanced knoll, and five were hit in less than ten minutes."

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minutes. At another point seven men of the Seventh regiment broke through a hedge into the field beyond, and instantly a volley killed three and wounded the remaining four.

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distributed a few last words of pungent and sulphurous advice.

"Throughout the day he set the most inspiring example to his men, and that he escaped unhurt was a miracle. One bullet clipped a breast button off his coat, another passed under his shoulder strap, but neither touched him, and there must be some truth in the old adage that fortune favors the brave."

"Close in front of me a night and boyish lieutenant compelled my attention by his persistent and reckless gallantry. Whenever a man was hit, he would dart to his assistance, regardless of the fire that this exposure inevitably drew."

"Suddenly he sprang to his feet gasping, and he was never seen again."

"A few convulsive gasps and the poor boy was dead, and as we laid him in a study spot by the side of the road, the Sergeant reverently drew a handkerchief over his face and said: 'Good-bye, lieutenant. You were a brave little officer, and you did like a true soldier. Who would wish a better end?'"

"At 10:30 the situation of the American troops was serious. The Americans were holding their own, but no more, and losing more heavily than the enemy. Just then an order came from Gen. Shafter for Lawson to abandon El Caney and move to the assistance of the main army, hotly engaged at San Juan."

DISOBEYED AN ORDER TO RETIRE. "To comply with the order would have entailed a demoralizing defeat in the face of the enemy. Lawson did not obey the order, but pressed the attack. The Fourth and Twenty-fifth infantry joined in the attack. The fire of Capron's battery became terribly effective. Chaffee charged the fort with the Twentieth infantry. The first man in the fort was James Greelman, the reporter. Caspar Whitney was behind him. Greelman was shot."

"The hill of El Caney was taken at 3 o'clock after ten hours' fighting. The town of El Caney was taken a little later. The inside walls of the fort were splashed with blood. The gate of the fort was so wedged with dead and debris it could not be entered. The rifle trenches were full of Spanish dead, most of them shot through the forehead, their brains oozing out like white paint from color tubes."

"Private Abel, of the Twelfth infantry, first hoisted the American flag over the fort."

OUR LOSS PUT BY CAPT. LEE AT 500 killed and wounded out of 3,500 men engaged. He says the loss shows that a strongly fortified place can not be attacked without frightful loss of life unless the assailants are strong in artillery. Our four guns of Capron's battery were ridiculously inadequate for the attack, and that the attack succeeded was entirely due to the magnificent courage and endurance of the infantry officers and men."

No praise, says Capt. Lee, can be too high for their soldierly devotion. He highly praises the Spanish bravery of defense. There was no more talk after that day, he comments, on the degeneracy of the Spaniards as a fighting race. They lost half their number in wounded, killed and prisoners."

FROM EL CANEY CAPT. LEE PASSED TO SAN JUAN, but his report on that battle has not yet been written.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer.

Wholesome Advice. Robert J. Burdette gives good advice, as follows: "There are young men who do not work, my son; but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as 'old-so-and-so's boys.' Nobody likes them, nobody loves them; the great busy world doesn't even know that they are there. So, find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are, the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you."

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer.

The Nation's Shame. (New York Sun.) To-day a Second Cavalryman, a pale looking fellow, came up to the Sun reporter on the road and sheepishly holding out a couple of Manner bullets said: "Are those worth a few cents to you? I took them from a Spaniard in Cuba and they might make interesting souvenirs."

"What do you want the money for?" asked the reporter.

"To get something to eat," said the soldier. "I'm starving to death here. I'm too weak to hold the rotten food the Government is giving. There's three months' pay coming to me, but I can't get any of it."

And this is the story that one hears all over the camp. Soldiers are selling all kinds of souvenirs that they collected in Cuba, in order to get a little nourishing food. The only explanation that can be obtained of this state of affairs is that a regimental commander can not draw fresh rations for his men until he has used up what he got in his last requisition without paying for it himself. And while these conditions exist in the camps of the regulars, the camps of volunteers are overflowing with good things.

## STONEWALL JACKSON.

IMPORTANT PART HE TOOK IN THE CIVIL WAR.

His Great Military Genius and Efficiency Now Acknowledged—

By Ed. Ail.

HIS DEATH A BLOW TO LEE.

(Chicago Times-Herald.)

This is a good time and a proper place in which to speak of Stonewall Jackson as a soldier.

A few weeks before I left Wisconsin General Earl M. Rogers—who served four years in the war, was seriously wounded at the first battle at Petersburg, and after the war was for a time in the regular army—single-jointed Jackson out as the greatest military genius the Southern army produced.

To-day, in conversation with a New York soldier, Sanford Bradbury, who served four years and made so gallant a record that he was one of the few awarded a medal of honor by act of Congress, said that he had made up his mind that the greatest military genius developed in the war was Stonewall Jackson. This from a Union soldier, and such a soldier, was a pretty tribute to the memory of the famous Confederate leader. Asked to give a reason for the faith that was in him, he hurriedly ran over the campaigns in which Jackson was a prominent figure, beginning with the first battle of Bull Run.

It will be remembered that it was in that battle he won the name of "Stonewall" Jackson. The Confederate General Lee was having a little trouble with his brigade. Looking to the right he said to his men: "See Jackson's brigade, standing like a stone wall."

No brigade under Beauregard, in that battle, which was so disastrous to the Union army, made a better record than Stonewall Jackson's. My New York friend could not be made to believe that if Jackson had not been there the battle of Bull Run would have been recorded as a Union victory instead of a Confederate victory. One becomes bewildered as he stops to think what would have been the result had that first great battle of the war been a stinging defeat for the Confederates instead of an overwhelming disaster for the Unionists.

The veterans of the two old armies, and all close readers of history, will remember that the summer of 1862, when McClellan was on the peninsula and McDowell and his 30,000 men at Fredericksburg, between fifty and sixty miles away, Jackson was sent into the Shenandoah Valley with a view to threatening Washington and preventing the sending of McDowell and his large corps to join McClellan. The plan worked to perfection. McDowell, who had made a day's journey toward McClellan, expecting to join him, was halted and started for the valley, getting as far as Thoroughfare Gap, when word came that Jackson had accomplished his object and gone away. McDowell was ordered back to Fredericksburg. McClellan had won his way up close to Richmond. The North was daily expecting that he would capture the city. Suddenly every Northern heart was filled with gloom. McClellan was falling back.

He had delayed too long. Jackson's "foot cavalry" had hurried from the valley in time to join Lee in an aggressive movement against the Army of the Potomac, and as a consequence it was sent whirling back over the roads upon which it had victoriously marched to the very gates of Richmond. Great battles were fought and thousands of lives lost; a Confederate victory was won. It could not have been won but for the genius, energy and generalship of Stonewall Jackson. Lee could not have forced McClellan back from Richmond; Lee without Jackson could not have prevented McClellan from taking Richmond in 1862.

After a brief rest Jackson's corps was directed to check the onward march of General John Pope, who had but recently been placed in command of the Army of Virginia. On the 9th of August it was a portion of Jackson's corps that met and defeated General Cedar Mountain. It was Jackson's corps that showed so bold a front that General Pope stopped advancing and for a time rested in and about Culpeper, and a little later began his memorable retreat which continued until the second battle of Bull Run. It was Jackson who, without the knowledge of the Union army, crossed the Rappahannock river and hurried around Pope to Manassas Junction, where the Government had several million dollars' worth of supplies for soldiers and animals, supplied himself with all his men could put into their haversacks, burned the rest and started back to form a junction with Lee's army. No portion of the Confederate army proved so stubborn and difficult of management as Jackson's in the second battle of Bull Run, and I quite agree with the New York soldier when he said that if there had not been Stonewall Jackson and his "foot cavalry," General Lee and the Confederate army would have been defeated on that occasion.

After the capture of Harper's Ferry, with its 11,000 "Yankees," Jackson hurried to Antietam. He reached there at an opportune moment—at a time when he was absolutely needed to prevent a Confederate rout. That battle, which began at sunrise and ended at sunset, would almost certainly have ended by the middle of the afternoon in a crushing defeat to the Southern army but for Stonewall Jackson. As it was, General Lee was enabled to cross the Potomac without the loss of a gun, a wagon or a horse.

One of the most skillful moves of the

war was that of General Hooker in preparation for the battle of Chancellorsville. With that done, a great generalship seemed to come to an end on the Union side. There had been hard fighting, but little advantage gained on either side. Lee and Jackson talked over the situation. Jackson proposed to move his corps around the Army of the Potomac and surprise its right flank. Late in the afternoon Stonewall Jackson's corps, with astonishing impetuosity, pounced upon the Eleventh Corps and drove it back in confusion. The disaster to the right of the army was the direct cause of the defeat and hurried retreat of Hooker's army to its old camp on Stafford Heights and up and down Rappahannock river.

This was the last of the great General's campaigns. That night himself and staff were mistaken by the men of one of the regiments for the enemy, fired upon and mortally wounded. When Jackson died, Lee lost his right arm. He never won a great victory after that.

Lippincott's Magazine for September, 1898.

The complete novel in the September issue of Lippincott's is "The Touch of a Vanished Hand," by the late Miss M. G. McClelland. Its action occurs mainly in Virginia, and partly in eastern New York during the French and Indian war in 1755.

"The Crowned Camel," by James Raymond Perry, deals with the unravelling of a supposed murder. Henry Holcomb Bennett, in "A Charge in the Dark," describes an experience of the National Guard which resembled actual war. The "Grandpa" of Anna Vernon Dorney's tale was a colored boy, on whom cares and labors too heavy for his years were laid.

Parents are Unfair to Teachers. (Ladies Home Journal.) That existing methods of educating the young fall short of the ideal there is scarcely any question. The most prominent educators of the land admit this fact. Every effort is undoubtedly made to do better prevailing systems. But the fault is single-handed. As teachers and educators constantly say: "We are alone; parents give us no assistance. They do not even give us the benefit of ordinary interest." And this is true—lamentably true. Parents are all too lax about the methods pursued in educating their children. In hundreds of cases they do not even know what the methods are. They know nothing about them. There is no co-operation of the parent with the teacher. However much we may be able to improve modern methods of education, the best results to our children cannot be reached until parent and teachers shall come into closer relations than they are at present.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer.

Defying the Law. County Judge Adair, of Hancock county, appointed a full set of election officers for his county to hold the election in November, in defiance of the new election law. Judge Adair is the only county judge in the State who is reported to have done this, which is according to the advice of Mr. Jolly and contrary to the advice of the Republican State Central Committee. It is not thought that this will amount to anything, as Judge Adair's election officers, if they undertake to act, will be enjoined from doing so in the circuit court.

Try Allen's Foot-Block. A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet swell, become sore and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Block. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and calluses, keeps feet cool and comfortable all day and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 5c. Trial Package FREE. Address, Allen & C., Clinton, N. Y.

American Sayings. (London Truth.) "Don't swear; fight!" The phrase has the ring of sound metal. The American army of invasion advancing upon Santiago de Cuba was preceded by a body of rough riders. Suddenly the Spaniards, who were lying in ambush, fired a deadly volley, and the startled rough riders replied with an outburst of curses. "Don't swear; fight!" called Col. Wood. The phrase will live.

America is a big country; it is destined to become a great country, for there is manliness and vigor in the memorable phrases coined by celebrated Americans. It was Stephen Decatur who originated the toast, "Our country, right or wrong." Henry Clay said: "Sir, I would prefer to be right than to be President." The last words of Nathan Hale were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." William Penn coined the phrase, "I prefer the honestly simple to the ingeniously wicked." And it was Henry Ward Beecher who uttered the words, "The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom."

When nations become artificially refined the phrases which their great men coin are generally either cynical or flippant. Thus to Tallentyre is attributed the phrase, "Mistrust first impressions, they are always bad." Voltaire declared that "ideas are like beads; children and women never have them." To which he might have added, "except when they are monstrosities." Antoine Rivarole said: "It is an immense advantage to have done nothing, but one should not abuse it." Samuel Rogers said: "When I was young I said good-natured things and nobody listened to me; now that I am old I say ill-natured things and everybody listens to me."

To Sydney Smith we are indebted for the following ungracious description of a fashionable woman: "Do not mind the caprices of fashionable women. They are as cross as puddles fed on milk and muffins."

Whether Col. Wood uttered them or not, the words, "Don't swear; fight!" will ring for long in the memories of many generations.

Relics of the First Kentucky Fair. (Louisville Correspondent in Salt River Tiger.) There is an old lady in this city who owns two silver goblets that were awarded her husband as premiums on two horses exhibited at the Shepherdsville fair, held on the grounds of Parquet Springs in 1838, it being the first fair ever held on Kentucky soil. The trophies are of solid silver, hand-made, and the award is neatly engraved upon each. They tell of something in the days of long ago, which is evidently forgotten by the older people of Bullitt county, and which was never heard of by any of the present generation on there. It is said that thousands of people visited the fair from all parts of the South, coming to Louisville by steamboats, thence to Shepherdsville by the Preston street road, in stages and other conveyances. There was a mile trotting track around the grounds, and gold money could be seen in stacks, as the sun glinted down upon it while the betting was going on. One mare, Miss Foote, a Hoosier nag, won \$80,000 for her owner in four days on that track, each time going four mile heats.

Sue Mundy Was Not a Woman. Dr. T. F. Berry, of Louisville, writes to a Cincinnati paper to deny the statement that "Sue Mundy," who is known to have served under Captain or "One-arm," Berry in the Confederate army, was a woman. Dr. Berry is a brother of the late Capt. Berry, and has reliable evidence that Sue Mundy was only a name assumed by Jerome Clark, of Franklin, Ky. Col. Will S. Hays has the following to say in connection with the incident: "I was on the staff with 'Sue Mundy' when he was hanged by the Federal authorities in this city, and was probably the last person to shake hands with him just before the drop fell. I knew him well, and visited him very often while confined in the military prison previous to his execution, and he gave me several keep-sakes when we parted for the last time in his cell, the evening before the hanging. He was a handsome man, tall, well proportioned, fair complexion, black hair and dark, sparkling, bright eyes. His face was like the face of a handsome woman and his voice musical and gentle. He was brave and fearless. When the execution took place he mounted the scaffold without the trembling of a muscle or the batting of an eye. He fixed his gaze upon the sun going down behind the knobs below New Albany, and just as it disappeared from sight the trap was sprung and the soul of Sue Mundy leaped into eternity."